Judge

FEBRUARY 1933
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VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY

RETAIL PRICE . . . $3.75

AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

IT SOUNDS incredible, but nevertheless it is true. If everybody in this world of ours were six feet tall and a foot and a half wide and a foot thick (and that is making people a little bigger than they usually are), then the whole of the human race (and according to the latest available statistics there are now nearly 2,000,000,000 descendants of the original Homo Sapiens and his wife) could be packed into a box measuring half a mile in each direction. That, as I just said, sounds incredible, but if you don't believe me, figure it out for yourself and you will find it to be correct.

If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall that keeps people from breaking their necks when stunned by the incredible beauty of that silent witness of the forces of Eternity, and then called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him (the tiny beast is very intelligent and loves to oblige) to give the unwieldy contraption a slight push with his soft brown nose, there would be a moment of crunching and ripping as the wooden planks loosened stones and shrubs and trees on their downward path, and then a low and even softer bumpity-bumpity-bump and a sudden splash when the outer edges struck the banks of the Colorado River.

Then silence and oblivion!

The human sardines in their mortuary chest would soon be forgotten. The Canyon would go on battling wind and air and sun and rain as it has done since it was created. The world would continue to run its even course through the uncharted heavens. The astronomers on distant and nearby planets would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary. A century from now, a little mound densely covered with vegetable matter, would perhaps indicate where humanity lay buried.

And that would be all.

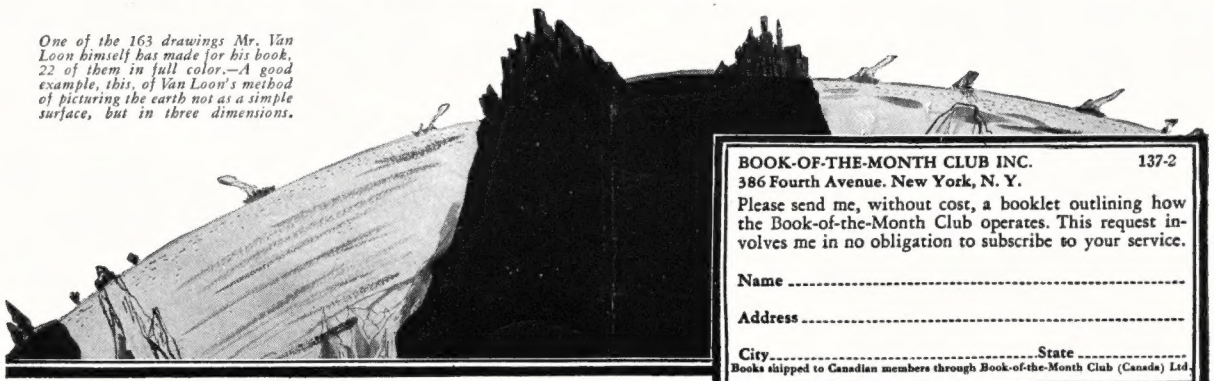
SO Van Loon opens his epic story of Mother Earth—a book that will make an Olympian of its every reader, old and young; but Olympians chastened to humility by what it so magnificently unfolds. For from its first pages we realize how babyish are our present notions of Mother Earth. The book contains 163 characteristic drawings by the author, many of them in full color.

WHY THIS BOOK IS OFFERED FREE TO NEW MEMBERS

THE Book-of-the-Month Club knows that there are a great many readers who have intended in the past to join it, and have neglected to do so through pure oversight. This offer is made, frankly, to overcome that procrastination by making it really worthwhile for such persons not to delay longer. We suggest simply that you send the postcard below to get full information as to what the Club does for book-readers, and then decide once for all whether or not you want to join. Are you aware, for instance, *that as a member you are not obliged to take a book every month;* nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month chosen by the judges. You may buy it or not, as you please, after reading the judges' pre-publication report about it. *Nor do you have to pay any fixed sum to be a member of the Club*—there are no dues, no fees, no fixed charges of any kind. You simply pay the regular retail price for such books as you decide to buy. What then is the advantage of joining?

There are many: first, under the unique book-dividend policy of the Club, for every dollar its members spend on books they receive back on the average (based on 1931 and 1932 figures to date) over 50% in the form of free books. Moreover, without a penny of expense, through the reports of the judges you are kept completely and authoritatively informed about all the important new books, so that you can choose among them with discrimination, instead of having to rely upon advertising and hearsay. Equally important, the system really ensures that you will read the particular new books you are anxious not to miss.

Surely, within the next year, the distinguished judges of the Club will choose as the book-of-the-month or recommend as alternates, *at least a few books* that you will be very anxious not to miss and which you will buy anyway. Why not—by joining the Club—make sure you get these instead of missing them, which so often happens; get the substantial advantages the Club affords (such as the book-dividends mentioned, if nothing else), and at the same time get a copy of VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY, free. Send the coupon below, for more complete information as to how the Club operates.



One of the 163 drawings Mr. Van Loon himself has made for his book, 22 of them in full color.—A good example, this, of Van Loon's method of picturing the earth not as a simple surface, but in three dimensions.

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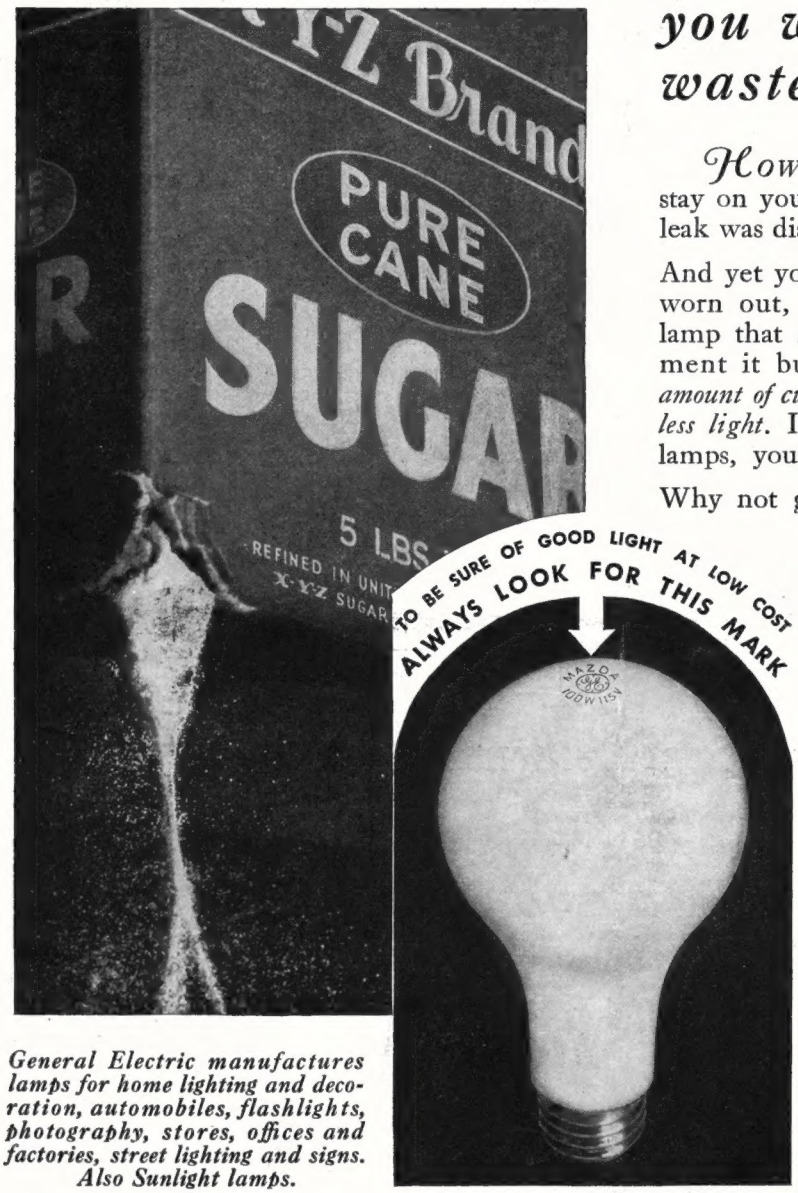
If you lighted your KITCHEN *with* SUGAR



General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

you would stop this waste immediately!

How long would this package of sugar stay on your kitchen shelf? Only until the leak was discovered, of course.

And yet your kitchen may be lighted by a worn out, obsolete or poorly constructed lamp that is wasting electricity every moment it burns! *Poor lamps use the same amount of current as good lamps but they give less light.* In other words, if you use poor lamps, you pay for light you do not get.

Why not get *All* the light you pay for? There is a simple, easy way to make sure you do.

Buy the American-made product of a manufacturer in whom you have confidence. Then you *will be sure* to get good light at low cost. Look for the GE monogram on every lamp you buy. It is your assurance that you will get all the light you pay for ..that bulbs will not blacken quickly..that lamps will not burn out too soon. For lighting economy, not only in your kitchen but every room in the house . . . use good American-made lamps that keep Americans at work at American standards of wages. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For good light at low cost

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MAZDA LAMPS

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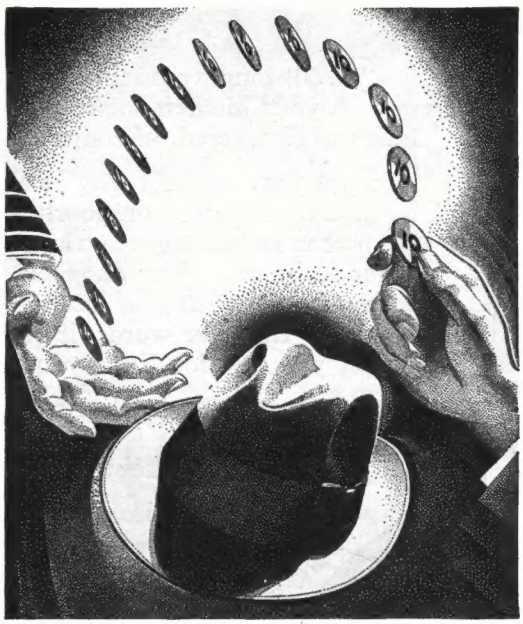

AGAIN THE STATLER HOTELS PIONEER

Buying a hat is the only installment purchase you never complete. You buy it once from the store and a thousand times from check room attendants. It may be *your* hat, but it's *their* meal ticket.

But not in a *Statler hotel*... Not after today! We've banned gratuities at the check rooms of all our public dining rooms. They're barred — forever! The attendants, hereafter, *cannot* and *will not* accept a tip.

You'll acclaim and help us with this reform. We know you will, because you helped us when we banished the tip-soliciting attendants from our wash rooms and applauded when we barred all surcharges at lobby news stands and cigar stands.

Statler pioneering, Statler leadership is continually blazing new trails to greater comfort, finer service, more perfect economy in hotel living. You know the Statler record ... that these hotels were the *first* to provide a private bath with every room, circulating ice water, a morning newspaper under the door, free radio reception and a dozen other comforts.

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HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA IS THE STATLER IN NEW YORK

YOU'RE TELLING US?

"THERE are more lunatics out of the asylum than in."—*Rosa Ponselle.*

"The revision of the money system will all come at once, just like we got rid of the saloons."—*Henry Ford.*

"The nation needs a good five-cent glass of beer."—*Matthew Woll.*

"Every time I say something, I get into trouble."—*Clara Bow.*

"I am a dreamer."—*Charles M. Schwab.*

"Herbert Hoover gave the country exactly what it needs."—*John R. Mott.*

"Life is a habit."—*Norma Talmadge.*

"I am not going to run again for anything."—*James J. Walker.*

"In the sound films, it's a madhouse."—*Conway Tearle.*

"Europe is largely populated by ingrates."—*Senator G. W. Moses.*

"I don't think—I write."—*Benjamin de Casseres.*

"The world is crazy—absolutely crazy."—*Theodore Dreiser.*

"Drinking has no place in our college life."—*Dr. Harry A. Garfield.*

"New York, however, is part of the nation."—*Ella A. Boole.*

"How can anybody be funny in a dress suit!"—*Bert Lahr.*

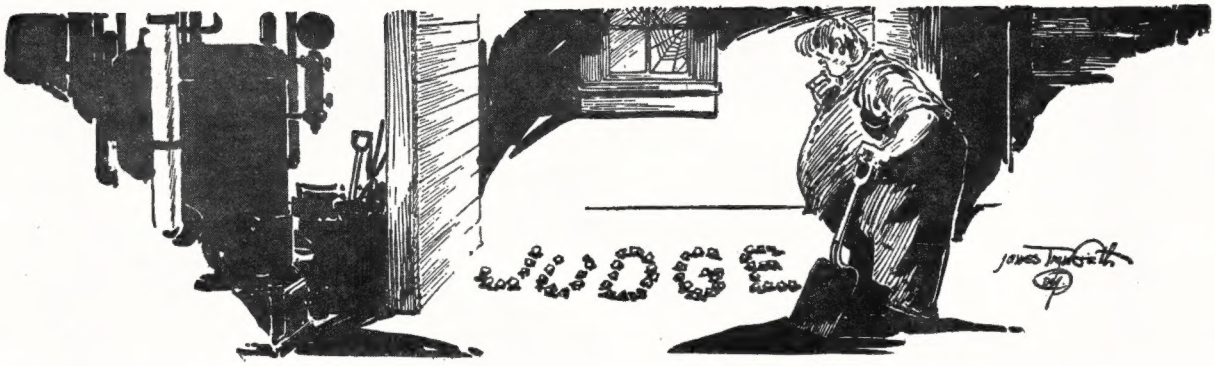
"I would swap debts for prosperity any day."—*Senator Borah.*

"It's no use to make a tragedy of a divorce."—*Maurice Chevalier.*

"The most depressing force in America right now is the motion picture."—*Ida Tarbell.*

"There's too much education."—*William Muldoon.*

"It's just as hard to starve in Philadelphia as it is in New York."—*Joseph V. McKee.*



JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN RICHARD J. WALSH SIDNEY S. LENZ, *Contributing Editors*

JUDGING THE NEWS

RECENTLY bandits have gone into banks and thrown tear gas bombs. As if bankers and depositors haven't got enough to cry about already.

AND by the time the saloon does come back, the free lunch will be much more important than the beer.

BASEBALL clubs are all going to cut expenses this season. Well, that's our national game.

AND it looks to us as if the Japanese were out to get an apology from the Chinese if they have to chase them clear across Asia to do so.

IT'S still an open question as to which causes the more damage to a country's prestige—deflated currency or inflated politicians.

AND they'd sell more of those electric bridge tables if they'd fix them so they'd also deal out ice cubes.

"I think that I shall never see-ee a Po-em lovely as a tree-ee"

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A Radio Humorist Entertaining the Public with His Original Jokes.

Testy Triolet

THAT careful, slow-driving old granny
Who has owned all the second-hand cars
Should be given a Hall of Fame cranny.
That careful, slow-driving old granny
Lives on, in a manner uncanny—
As eternal as Saturn and Mars.
(That careful, slow-driving old granny
Who has owned all the second-hand cars.)

—E. B. C.

The trouble with this country is that half the people are waiting for their ship to come in and the other half are waiting for their horse to come in.

Then there's the fellow who said that any man who has gotten a shave in a barber college certainly knows how to take it on the chin.

Good Sign

A SALESMAN of our acquaintance says there are signs that business is picking up. The other day, in making the rounds, he had some unusually good luck. No, he didn't get an order, but he did get two or three civil answers.

And Simple Circe thinks a Swiss bell ringer is a foreign bill collector.

War Debt Version: Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrung!

Nowadays, the one thing that is impressed on our children, is that every American boy, rich or poor, stands an equal chance of getting pink tooth-brush.

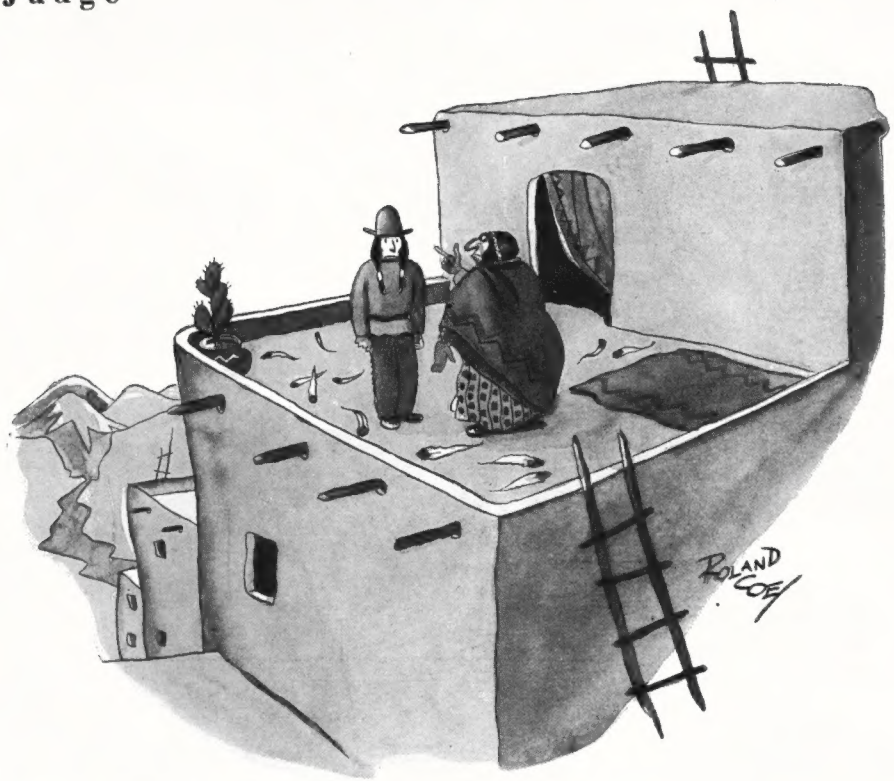
And whatever became of those good old-fashioned speakeasies that were so hard to get into?

The government, we read, takes thirty cents out of every dollar. But then the average citizen feels that that's just about what the government we've been getting is worth.

The head of the family is still bringing home the bacon, but it's getting sliced thinner all the time.

And we know a girl so fast that when she had a screen test for the movies—they had to use slow motion.

"Have you seen anything of ten Pullmans and a baggage car?"



"Don't think I don't know what kind of a party it was, with feathers strewn all about!"

Slightly Sour Grapes

HAPPY wives
Are those who make
The very best
Of their mistake.

A SANDWICH and
A piece of pie
Is what I have
For lunch but I
Could eat a six-
Ty-five cent meal—
Oh have I lost
My sex appeal?

Note

Girls don't like fellas
Who carry umbrellas.

MEN who handle me
with care
Are pretty sure to get
the air.

GIRLS deserve credit
Who wait 'til they're
wedded.

—EVELYNE COOPER

SCHOOL IN RUSSIA

"NOW, then, Ivan, will you recite the multiplication table for teacher? Begin with the four-table."

"One times four is four. Capitalism is dead at the core. Two times four is eight. Stalin's the fellow who gets things straight. Three times four is ten. Profit-makers are gentlemen."

"No, No, Ivan, you got that wrong. It's 'Profit-makers *aren't* gentlemen.' But that will do for arithmetic. Now we'll try a little geography. Where is London?"

"London is in the British Isles where workers are cheated, and nobody smiles."

"Excellent, Ivan! And New York?"

"It's in America far away where socialism will win some day."

"Very good, my boy. I'm glad to see you've been studying your lessons. Now can you tell me what the Bible is?"

"The Bible writes of angels and arks, but it isn't as good as the writings of Marx."

"Splendid! Splendid. You'll soon be promoted at the rate you're going. Now a little bit on history. Let me see if you can tell me who Napoleon was."

"Napoleon was a stupid man. He never heard of the Five Year Plan."

"Ivan, I'm so proud of you I can hardly speak. You may go home now. And I hope you have a good time shooting down your tin business men."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

"Beer by Christmas, huh?—Heh, heh, heh!"

"Where do I open a charge account?"

Judge

JUDGING THE SPORTS

WITH the sports pages of our most venerable gazettes cluttered up with news of the "Ashes" and a headline the other day of how Don Bradman of Australia got bowled for a "duck," I feel that I owe it to some of you anxious ones to put the idea of the game in the much abused nutshell.

Cricket was being played in England back in 1550 A.D. Wherever

the English have gone the willow bat and the white flannel "bags" have gone along, too. Nearby Bermuda, Jamaica, and of course Canada and some of the more toney sectors of this country have all carried on the traditions of the game.

In considering cricket as a sport we must remember those qualities which furnish the background of the British temperament. It takes a heap of phlegmatic, doggedness to stand in front of your wickets maybe two days in a row blocking all the good length balls and only hitting out at the bad ones. This is called stonewalling and has reduced many a bowler (pitcher to you Lefty Grove fans), to impotence. But if the players are willing to stand this long drawn out ordeal, imagine the mentality of the spectators. Some 50,000 of them packed in to see the Test Match in Australia the other day. They actually seem to like to sit and watch this kind of thing for days on end.

In England the counterpart of our baseball leagues is found in the County Cricket Table. Many of the counties of England, like Kent, Surrey, Yorkshire and others belong to this league. They play out a schedule against each other all summer for the championship of the league.

Each county team has a sprinkling of amateurs on it. These players are developed at school and the Varsity. They can be told in the line-up by the "Mr" in front of their names. They are also known as "Gentlemen" while the professionals are known as "Players."

The pay of the average county pro is around twenty five dollars a week. For this he has to play all week, help teach the younger county players, mend bats and sometimes look after the grounds. Jack Hobbs, whose name is known to every schoolboy in the Empire as the greatest stylist of all time, was lucky if he averaged around a hundred dollars a week during the season. And they say Babe Ruth won't take another cut!

A county match usually lasts three days. As it is seldom over in that time the team ahead on the basis of a first inning score gets two points in the league percentage. An inning over there is not to be confused with the baseball term. It means that the whole side of eleven men has gone to bat. When ten of them are out the inning is over. Sometimes an inning will end with only six men out, this is called "declaring" and it simply means that the captain has decided his six men have made so many runs that he is taking a chance on getting the whole of the other side out for less than his total. This can often happen when men like Bradman and Hobbs will make over three hundred runs alone without being bowled.

As you surely must know, the idea in cricket is for the bowler to hit the three wickets with the bowled ball. The vertical wickets have two light bails of wood balanced across the top of them and so a light grazing flick will displace them—this is also out. Bowlers use their fingers on the ball to obtain "breaks" in much the same fashion as a baseball pitcher curves his throws, the exception being that in cricket the ball hits the ground first. Bowlers also can make a ball take a low shoot.

The batsmen have strokes to deal with every type of ball bowled. Leg glides, cuts, blocking and drives are only acquired after years of coaching. The fielders have a variety of names for their positions,

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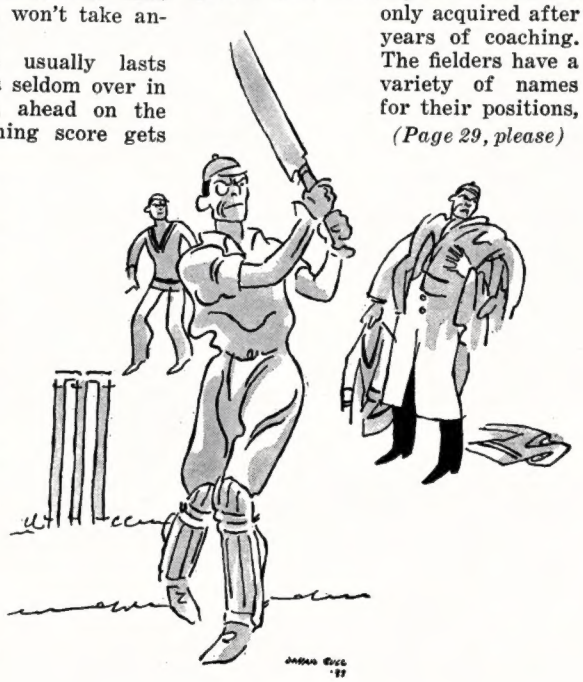

"Say, who's writin' this column!"

Greener Grasses

IT HAD been the kind of afternoon that Mr. Miller liked to describe as "hectic." Two of the salesmen had telegraphed in for more money. The advertising agency had submitted an unsatisfactory campaign. A competitor had threatened suit for infringement of patents. Mr. Miller had been raging and ranting since lunch and Miss Foster, his secretary, was at the breaking point.

When he finally dashed out at half-past five he left a mass of memoran dums, contracts to be mailed, reports to be routed and retyped. Miss Foster saw him to the door and when she was sure he had gone sat down before her keyboard for the solace of a good cry.

"He's not a bad boss," she said to the window-closing office boy, "and he pays me good wages, but he's the most inconsiderate man I ever worked for. I know the type—as sharp as vinegar in his office and as sweet as sugar in his home. I bet his wife wouldn't stand for such antics."

* * * *

SINCE the start of breakfast Mr. Miller had been irascible and critical. The grape fruit was too cold. The eggs were too hard. The toast was too soft. During the meal he had been bellowing orders to his wife: "Have the car greased. Send my grey suit to the tailor. See about new screens for the sleeping porch. Have the radio tubes checked." At the conclusion of breakfast he darted for the hat rack, caught his hat on the run and departed after the most perfunctory of routine kisses.

Mrs. Miller walked to the porch and watched him sprint for the train. Then she walked inside.

"Daddy's a good man," she sighed to her freckled five-year-old, "but he demands too much. I've got to take care of a million things. I've spoiled him—that's what I've done. I ought to treat him like his secretary down at the office. I'll bet Miss Foster wouldn't stand for such carryings on!"

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

Lines to the Waldorf

I DEARLY love the Sert Room
Where so many debs are fed,
But I hate the hook and ladder set
That's hanging overhead!

And a lot of men who marry in haste repent at meal time.

"Got any sport clothes, lady? I'm headin' South ter-morrer."

"Wonderful skater, that chap, Chong! Look at that Figure 8!"

Many uninteresting characters flit across the screen, jerkily. Not the least uninteresting of these is a thin sinister-looking individual who bobs up at frequent intervals. The audience shows a disposition to accept this character as the villain of the piece until it is explained that he is none other than Mr. Jones himself. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones are adequate in their rôles as determinedly interested though tired and bilious tourists.

Perhaps the most intriguing scene in the whole picture is the one, taken by Mrs. Jones, showing the louvre in the left center and, at the right, Mr. Jones talking to a man who is carrying a bundle of postcards of some sort. Here the picture seems to have been cut by the censor, because the scene shifts abruptly just as Mr. Jones is in the act of digging down into his trousers pocket.

—JOHN C. EMERY

Home Movie Reviews

(Our Trip to Europe)

SEVERAL new low spots in the motion picture art are plumbed by the feature now current at the home of the Stanley Joneses. Entitled "Our Trip to Europe," it is a travelogue, if you happen to like that sort of thing. It is a practically continuous and slightly out-of-focus record of what the Joneses saw and experienced on their trip across the Atlantic last year. There are two gaps in the continuity, which is quite all right with the audience. One of these gaps occurs during the ocean trip eastbound and the other during the voyage homeward. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who shared the labor of photography, happen to be push-over victims of seasickness, even during the calmest weather.

The picture takes its audience to many familiar nooks and corners of London and Paris—these being the only cities visited by the Jones, who were travelling on a limited budget. Considerable footage is devoted to the Thames River, London Bridge, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, the River Seine, the Left Bank, the Right Bank and the National City Bank, but these familiar scenes have a fresh and novel appearance, in the Jones masterpiece, because of the inability of the photographers to get even close to the proper focus and to hold the camera steady for more than a moment at a time.

"For a minute I thought this was a speakeasy door."

THE THEATRE

of George Jean Nathan

IT IS significant of the poverty of the present American dramatic season that a little play written by a little-theatre playwright for a little company of semi-amateurs up a little Paris sidestreet should have been looked forward to as the outstanding and most important local theatrical event of the season up to the first of the year. The play was Obey's "The Rape of Lucrece," here called simply "Lucrece," doubtless by way of keeping money out of the box-office. Those of us who had seen it performed abroad had spread reports that, despite its general quality of littleness, it was tasty theatrical fare and those who then subsequently saw it performed here immediately cocked their heads to one side, scrutinized us suspiciously, and indicated plainly that we were either damned liars or crazy. What was more, there was a sufficient justification for their implications. For what Katharine Cornell and her hired men did to the play was plenty.

Picture a ten-acre brewery working day and night in order to turn out a single small glass of beer. Picture Ringling's great circus tent housing nothing but a trick mule. Imagine the whole New York fire department called out to extinguish a match. By indulging in such exercises, you will get a faint idea of the treatment that Obey's modest little manuscript received at the Belasco Theatre. A simple and effective bit of drama was butchered to make an actors', director's and designer's holiday. A potential success was strangled into failure with a rhinestone rope.

From such theatrical incomprehension and pretentiousness it was pleasant to turn to an artless little comedy called "Goodbye Again," by the MM. Haight and Scott, and to find that easy simplicity on the part of its producer, the M. Beckhard, had converted it into the kind of theatrical evening that the season had antecedently sadly missed. Intelligently put on for probably not more money than it alone cost the Mlle. Cornell to build Lucrece's Roxy bed, it revealed itself to be a humorously observant fable treating of the love life of a literary gent on a middle-western lecture tour. Except for about fifteen minutes, when it threatened to curl up, it told its story with a saucy eye to authentic character and with a pretty good flavor of wit. What was more, it steadfastly avoided most traces of banality and, in the handling of the affair between the literary gent and his secretary, displayed an originality that the deftest of the boulevard comedy boys might envy. Although one might have wished that the comedy had been played by a Sacha Guitry troupe that had mastered English — it missed the French acting brilliance that such comedies cry for—the local performances were anything but bad. Osgood Perkins was never better than in this rôle of the beset novelist-lecturer; Leslie Adams was excellent as the prosaic Cleveland spouse; Sally Bates was real and attractive as the secretary; and the rest were —well, I haven't used the word since April 14, 1926, so it's all right—adequate.

"Girls in Uniform" was the play by Christa Winsloe, originally called "Yesterday and Today," from which the mooing picture, "Maedchen in Uniform," was manufactured. While it suffered in its local disclosure from casting greatly inferior to that of the film, it showed itself to be something considerably above the recent dramatic average. At least three of its scenes hit the level of respectable drama and, though the film version caught atmosphere as the produced play didn't, the play's attitude toward its nascent Lesbian motif was as sound as the somewhat sensationalized film motif was suspect. It was, of course, obvious that the stage would have a devil of a job trying to find anyone anywhere nearly so appropriate to the rôle of Manuela as the little Thiele girl dug out by the screen producer. The best they could do here, it seemed, was a young one named Williams who missed all the inner spiritual quality demanded by the rôle and who substituted for it the huddled-shoulder, pigeon-toed, drawn-in-stomach species of presentation customarily indulged in by actresses deficient in the aforesaid quality. Some of the young one's acting was competent enough, but physically and psychically she could get no closer to the delicate Thiele than I can to Fatty Arbuckle. The girl cast for the rôle of Edelgard, a youngster named Claire, appeared to have been a rather more likely candidate for the job.

"Twentieth Century," by Drs. Hecht and MacArthur, those 2-Snappy Boys-2, was a disappointment, at least so far as your professor was concerned. No one has a greater respect for the talents of the two boys, when they hit their stride, than I have. But on this occasion they struck me as somewhat dated. Six or seven years ago, their play—a lampoon of the theatre world and certain of its conspicuous figures—would have seemed pointed and sprightly stuff, but so many things more or less like it have in the intervening span come our way that now it has the ring of a second-hand joke. The bogusly arty producer, the temperamental woman star, the brash press-agent, the benevolent *deus ex machina* who turns out in the last act to have escaped from a lunatic asylum—surely, these have come to the point where we can plainly detect the sawdust dripping out of them. Here and there, the fundamentally adroit boys managed moments of honest humor, but in the main their exhibit suggested a revival of a success of the season of 1928-1929.

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"Look! Charlie! I bought you a helper at the circus auction."

"Ask her if she's got a sister!"

JUDGE ON THE BENCH

Where Did It Start?

ALL this pother about Technocracy makes the old gentleman on the bench waggle his head. The boys are squabbling about who saw it first. Was the earliest mention of Technocracy in the *Outlook* or *The Living Age*, or maybe somewhere else, last fall? Bang! goes the gavel. The first mention was on this very page last spring—eight months ago.

To refresh short memories, we reprint below the opening and closing paragraphs of our editorial entitled "The Engineers' Revolution" from the issue of *Judge* for May 28, 1932:

"Strange currents are running in the roiled national stream. Some day history may declare that while an engineer sat in the White House fighting against political revolution, it was suddenly discovered that an actual revolution had been brought to pass, by the engineers themselves. We may at this moment be on the verge of the most paradoxical of all revolutions, in which a distracted people says to the technologist, 'You did all this damage' and, in the next breath, 'So we put society in your hands to repair.'

" . . . It will never be done by either politicians or bankers. Because it is strictly a technological job, it can be done only by the engineers. The social scheme they may offer will borrow little or nothing from other times or other lands. It will grow out of our own American soil—literally so, for its base will be the conditions created by our natural resources. It will rely upon continental self-sufficiency. It will discard all theories of foreign trade, tariffs, international exchange, imperialism. It will be a new nationalism. It will abolish unemployment and provide universal security. It will shorten the hours and years of toil and at the same time lift higher yet the standard of living.

"Such is the promise of what Mr. Howard Scott calls 'technocracy,' as distinguished from autocracy and democracy. It's the newest thing on earth. It is hard-boiled, and it is offered on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. And it sounds to us like the only revolution worth talking about, the only kind that holds any hope of success on this American continent, because it is a logical expression of the peculiar genius and the special endowment of America."

So *Judge* was the first publication to take Technocracy seriously—in fact, the first to take it at all! But we can take a thing seriously only until everybody else begins to take it *too* seriously, then we have to laugh. So we gleefully announce for next month our Technocracy Number.

Children

CHILD-WELFARE workers everywhere look to the coming year with much anxiety. It will take great effort to maintain the standards of service for children which were slowly developed during the years before the depression, to make sure that their interests are safeguarded in the general economies which the depression has made necessary."

We take these sentences from the closing paragraph of the recently issued annual report of the federal Children's Bureau. This document is profoundly disturbing. Between the cold lines of government print one reads a score of menaces to our children. Whether in the statistics of maternity care or of unemployment relief, of child labor or of the increase in juvenile theft, of nutrition or of schooling, page after page betrays a national demoralization which is bitter disgrace to "civilized" people. As to child labor, for example, we read: "The year may be characterized from the standpoint of child-labor standards as one of considerable effort but slight advance." As to nutrition, "Indications of potential effects of the depression on the health of children are found in evidence that amounts of relief being given to needy families in many places fall below what is considered the minimum required, on the basis of present prices, to provide the food essential for the health and growth of children." Dr. W. H. Welch says, "Ground lost by undernourishment in childhood may never be regained."

Of the wanderings of homeless boys, by jumping freight trains and hitch-hiking, three short pages of this report tell a tale as moving as any tragedy in literature.

We have endured patiently—all too patiently—the failures of businesses and banks, the widening morass of unemployment, the lengthening of bread lines. Now comes the miserable testimony of the children. Our own generation is suffering enough, in all conscience. Must the next suffer yet more? Is there left no shame among us, no pity, no wisdom? Where is our vaunted capacity for public indignation, our genius for swift and practical action? Must we at last confess that a nation endowed with all the riches that our soil can bestow, is incapable of ordering decently its simple affairs?

R. J. W.

"BUY AMERICAN"

Mistress Pepys' Journal

By Baird Leonard

JANUARY 9.—A dull, mizzling day, so I did match its mood by falling upon disorderly closets and bureau drawers with the sullen violence of an avenging fury, reflecting, over the inventory of my Christmas presents, that portfolios with eighteenth century bindings and patent tin-openers which make short shrift even of sardine boxes give a delight which varies in kind rather than in degree, and that I am a lucky woman to have received one of each. Swept out ruthlessly all apparel and accessories of no immediate use, resolving never again to keep an ill-fitting jacket or an unbecoming hat, no matter how much I have laid out for them, and when I did come upon forty-five cents beneath the lining of an old evening bag, my feelings were akin to those of Balboa when he did first behold the Pacific. The telephone a-ringing, and it was Mary Carpenter of Watertown, so full of the Oxford Group conference in Briarcliff that I did sit spellbound for thirty minutes with a wet cleansing cloth in my hand, nor could I believe my ears, neither, from such a humorist as Mary and in such a material age, so I did ask her for Thursday luncheon, for, albeit I may have to hear a good deal about the Day of Pentecost, it will be a splendid opportunity to go into the psychology of takeout re-bids with the best contract player of my acquaintance. Moreover, if I am to be spiritual clay in the hands of an evangelical potter, it would behoove me to select a worldly and sympathetic moulder like Mary, whom I can trust not to go off on a picnic and leave me in the oven. And even though a significant change be not wrought in my entire life, it will at least avail me something if I can be brought to forgive Samuel for having his wing chair recovered in a chintz which looks as if it had been out in the rain all night. Mightily pleased that my morning's work did achieve a gleaming boudoir, faintly and pleasantly redolent of the Roman Hyacinth bath essence which Meg Millar sent me from London, and which came through the customs with so little fanfare that I do live in daily dread lest the Collector of the Port appear at my door any moment and demand it of me. All the afternoon on the chaise-longue with "In Time for Murder," when I had probably have better spent my time finding out

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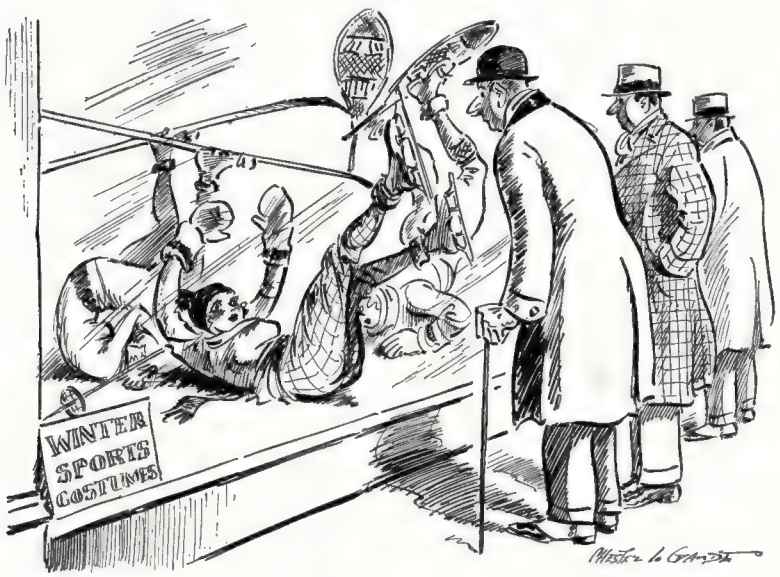
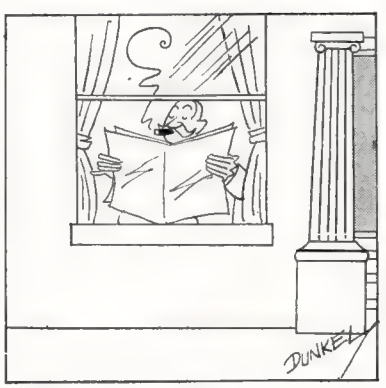


Why not exhibit the poses most likely to be assumed?



Judge

The Twenty-Third Annual Technical Readjustment Warning And Schematic Flow Chart of the

Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers

THREE RIVERS, MICH.

Dear Fellow Pumper:

Powerful inspiration to battle the fretting forces of adversity on a more even footing and provide for fresh toeholds has come to the members of the Guild with a triumph of an organization block working with the board of supervisors of St. Joe County.

Seizing upon a marked increase in the flocks of English sparrows as an opportunity, pressure was recently brought to bear on the solons at Centerville—(the county seat—eight miles east on the Old Buckhorn Road)—and, as a result, the solons have voted to award a bounty of two cents on all sparrow heads.

Already a Sparrow Snaring & Snatching Colony of the Guild has been set up under the leadership of Jack McDonald and Chester R. Davis, F. P., of Chicago. Plans are complete. The colonists will sleep in pup-tents. All heads taken will be put in a kitty and turned in once a week. And a special deputation will hide and watch where the county treasurer throws the heads after the check-up so they may be retrieved, if feasible, and re-bountied.

With the sparrow snatchers clicking, the February movement to better conditions under the slogan: "Betterment! Betterment! All Is Tenochrement!" is well under way. And two new key officials have been appointed who will render valuable assistance in setting to martial music the forward steps to be taken in the right direction.

The new officers are Frank Rufus Goodell, F.P., of New York City, and William Robert Baker, F.P., of Toronto, Canada.

While on duty in the loft of St. John's Episcopal Church in Jacksonville, Florida, Mr. Goodell discovered the tremendous possibilities for creating discords that lay in strategic applications of wads of chewing gum to certain valve apparatus in the interior of the organ. He was dismissed by the organist before he could perfect his system, but he saw enough service to win his laurels with the Guild.

Mr. Goodell has been named Regional Tone Tamperer, Eastern District.

Mr. Baker, on the other hand, pumped in Grace Church in Toronto. During an evening service when the lighting system failed he was compelled to leave the handle and hold candles while the organist played.

Mr. Baker functions now as Chief Illuminating Engineer of the Guild.

During the month of January, the newly-created Road Agency Staff placed one of the largest orders in the history of the organization with Jess Honeycutt, F.P., of Bethlehem, Pa., for earmarked tinplate. At the same time the Guild's Engineering & Picot-Edging Squad reported fifty-two (52) tatting shuttles in operation as against sixteen (16) shuttles and three (3) crochet needles during a similar period in 1932. That's growth, and that's Progress, says Dr. Esterhazy.

"Pump, for the Wind is Fleeting"

Other items of interest in January were all of an encouraging nature.

Paul Grant, F.P., of Dayton, Ohio, ran his automobile into a ditch and suffered a fractured humerus.

Ferdinand Armstrong, F.P., of Boston, a candidate for a roving beatership, organized a sliphorn contingent. Leland Powers, F.P., and Robert H. Montgomery, F.P., are his assistants in charge of clinical investigations held for the long pull.

The Frank G. Miner, who is making arrangements for the Guild's exhibit of detachable barrel cuffs at the World's Fair in Chicago, has turned out to be Fred Gordon Miner, F.P. They are very closely related. Henry M. Eaton, F.P., and Reeve Hoover, F.P., of Washington, D. C., are leading a nation-wide movement for popularizing cast-iron decoy ducks, and the movement has already been supported by Herman Fique, F.P., of White Plains, N. Y.

W. A. P. John, F.P., of Detroit, recommended, in connection with the foreign debt situation, a strict hands-shoe-coat, shirt and socks-off policy.

And silver stars for exceptional devotion to Guild principles and relentless pursuit of Guild ideals in reverse were awarded to Halle. Sheffield Ray, F.P., of Chicago, Ren H. Rice, F.P., of New York City.

So it runs—day in and day out—and your Guild approaches the crucial Spring Equinox buoyantly. Plans for the 67th, 73rd and 89th Annual Meeting, topped by a contra-departmental memo in triplicate from John F. Sinclair, F.P., of New York City, are piling up on the spindle nearest the window. And a quartet under the leadership of John R. Jones, F.P., sometimes known as the London thrush, or linnet, has promised to sing:

Dare to be a Daniel.
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose fir-irm,
Dare to make it known.

If unemployed, write at once for full details regarding the operations of the Sparrow Snaring & Snatching Campaign. There's gold in them thar bills.

Your Sincere Friend & Well-Wish'r.

Alw'ys,

(Sgd) Chet Thayer

Grand Diapason

Form 729¡ Millie ¡

CAPITOL HILL-BILLY

By Lawton Mackall

"WELL, Senator!" The chairman of Consolidated Super-Industries, Inc.—one of America's great headaches—rose hospitably and extended his hand.

"S'prised to see me, I guess. I'm in town on some investigating and thought I'd look you up. But don't get nervous. It ain't *you* we're after—so far as I know."

"Well, hardly!" laughed the man of business, and mopped his brow. "Er . . have a cigar?"

Senator McWhiffle took one; broke off an end and crumpled it into his corncob. Then, rejecting the proffered lighter in favor of a good-old-fashioned match—wielded cracklingly upon still-more-antique fumed oak—he settled down to the contentment of what sounded like death rattles.

"After all," coughed his listener, "there's nothing like a pipe, is there?"

"Nope," declared the great man. And, with that racy quotableness which has been such a help to Washington correspondents in filling up their columns, he added: "I vote dry but I smoke wet."

During the ensuing chuckles a Persian-blue medallion of the rug was used as a cuspidor.

"You're a card!" said his host.

"You're another!" was the instinctive parliamentary comeback. Then, recollecting himself: "How's bananas these days?"

"Bananas?"

"Wasn't it bananas that brought you to Washington that time we had the little dicker in the lobby? Or could it have been unbleached hemp?"

"It was gimlets," said the man of business, with dignity. "I made certain representations to you in behalf of one of our subsidiaries, the Gillespie Gimlet & Gadget Co."

"Good night, dear,

"Good morning, Mr. Brown, you haven't by any chance got my report card with you?"

pleasant dreams!"

"Oh, I remember now. And you wanted the duty off instead of on."

"Pardon me, I suggested that it be *on.*"

"Well, we *put* it on for you, didn't we? I rigged up that little rider myself. So I guess everything's apple pie now, eh, Mr. . . Mr. . ?"

"Multy's the name."

"Why, sure—know it as well as I do my own. Got it right here on a slip of paper. Honestly, though, Mr. Moulty, a feller does have trouble with names these days! What with burning correspondence and keeping bank accounts with no records, I swan it's hard to remember sometimes. By the way, how do you folks manage?"

"OH, just the usual thing. We find the Q. T. Obliterating and Incinerating Service pretty satisfactory."

"Good outfit, are they? Well, if they give professional discounts like the No Trouble people do, I may switch to 'em. Yessir, I may."

Musing upon the cares of office the great legislator fell silent save for his pipe.

Mr. Multy got brusque.

"Was there something special you wished to see me about?" he asked.

"You betcha!" asseverated the solon, coming to with a bang. "It's about that proposition you made me that time in the lobby. You know—about my joining up with you."

"Oh."

"Fact is, I'm going to have some free time because of what happened in November."

"Yes, I read about it. Too bad."

"Bolshevism—that's what it was. A dirty, un-

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"I'll take five of these!"

JUDGING THE MOVIES

By PARE LORENTZ

BY the time the professional writing man has spent ten years at the business he seldom can feel any particular exhilaration about the trade itself; he may have an earnest desire to make money, or to write better, or to greater effect, but in my small circle of friends I have yet to meet one who has found it just too exciting for words.

When, on the other hand, doctors, lawyers, masseurs or publishers take pen in hand, the first intoxication is usually more over-powering than opium. And, in a way, you can't blame them when they are daily bombarded with peep-hole journalism. I can readily imagine Warden Lawes sitting in his library at Sing Sing, listening to ex-convicts advertise shaving cream over the radio; or, perhaps, seeing a private showing of some gangster movie, or even reading an ex-convict book and saying to himself; "hell, I can write a better book than that."

And "20,000 Years In Sing Sing" was an interesting entertaining book, if a bit too pious for comfort. But the poison was in the good warden's blood by then. Hardly had the book reached the stands before the Warner Brothers reached for it, and no sooner did the right Reverend Lawes return from Hollywood than he was approached by a broadcasting company, so what with his broadcasting and his scenario work it is difficult to say whether Lawes or the Warner Brothers are at present managing the Sing Sing Athletic Club.

Considering what they might have done to the reverend, Warner's gave him unusually good treatment. There is some authenticity to the movie, "20,000 Years In Sing Sing" but that is due more to good run-of-the-mill movie technique rather than to any skill on the part of the reverend. In fact, unless we had his statement for it, the picture might be classed as just another prison movie, not much better, or more original, than "The Last Mile," "The Criminal Code," "The Big House," or any other of the hard-boiled convict melodramas we have seen.

For the first part of the film the producers were content to dramatize the Lawes honor system in the person of a tough hoodlum, ably portrayed by Spencer Tracy. Then, of course, they had to make it a movie, so they injected a love interest, if you can stretch a point and call Bette Davis such, and ended on a tear-jerking, sour, sentimental note in which the tough hoodlum vindicates the warden by going to the chair just to prove the honor system is always right.

It always annoys me when an amateur turns professional; probably, for one reason, because the amateurs are ruining our business. Then, too, they always bring some of their amateur sanctity over with them. As entertainment, "20,000 Years In Sing Sing" is fair enough. It has that honesty which movies inject these days into their masculine melodramas; their production pictures dealing with men, whether boxing, racing, gambling, or breaking prison. On the other hand, it has absolutely no relation to prison reform, capital punishment, or sociological reforms in general. As a popular journalist the reverend warden at present is in the Winchell, Tully, Lippman, Broun, top flight. As a reformer he ranks along with Aimee Semple McPherson, Dr. Collins, and Howard Scott.

RECAPITULATING prison pictures: Jim Tully's "Laughter in Hell" is a forlorn attempt on the Irishman's part to remain the bell-wether of the tough-boy fiction school, but the amateurs have ruined him. "Laughter in Hell" is phoney from beginning to end. While I have not seen it, another prison picture is due, dealing with women in prison. We have had "Ladies of the Big House" and numberless other melodramas using the same plot, and as long as I can stay out of jail, I am content with the enlightenment furnished by the ten thousand prison movies we have had these past five years, and I hereby refuse to see another one unless: (1) some desperate

"Stop making a show of yourself, Mother—and walk properly!"

producer dares to show the inside of Dannemora, or (2) an even more desperate producer dramatizes the John Hopkin's ten year study of sex life in prison. (And how do you like that, Mr. Lawes?)

"THE Half-Naked Truth" is a brisk little comedy full of wild gags and press agentry now outmoded but nevertheless amusing. It has, furthermore, a burlesque of our musical comedy producer who took post-graduate work at Atlanta played to the hilt by Frank Morgan, and written by a knowing hand. Like a great many current comedy romances, this one is unpretentious and Lee Tracy gives it a loud carelessness which breezes it over the thin spots.

I MIGHT have sat through "The Son-Daughter" if from the beginning I had not seen the factory wheels grinding noisily. It is a paradox of movie factory production that neither the play nor the actress is the thing. I have gone into this before but this is such an obvious example of movie necessity it bears repeating.

It was not that they couldn't find anything better to do with Helen Hayes, or that anyone believed "The Son-Daughter" to be a great piece of work. Either the mounting interest rate on the play forced them to get rid of it, or they had to finish a picture quickly in order to fulfill a contract, or they wanted to keep Helen Hayes before the public at any cost. The old Belasco melodrama is so ancient and stupid they couldn't have regarded it with much optimism. And surely, with "A Farewell to Arms" behind her, they could have spent some time finishing Miss Hayes with adequate material.

Because of factory necessity, she has to drop her head like a sick sparrow in an attempt to be a Chinese girl, and mince pidgeon English with appropriately cute gestures, while Ramon Navarro talks baby talk to her. A dozen minor characters bluster in and out the show, wearing mangy beards and old kimonos and looking about as Chinese as the Omaha Lodge, Chapter 31, of the Exalted Knights of Osiris.

Last Month's Rebus Mystery

THERE'LL be some readers, no doubt, who have been stung with my Kickapoo Indian corn remedy and I want it understood it is no longer on sale. I see I must abandon an evil way to success and, hereafter, any man I cure shall have my personal care and benefit of my long practice.

Too much *Dining*
Too much *Smoking*—
Last Night

Yet . . . "No Acid Headache," No Upset Stomach This Morning!

"Don't overindulge—don't eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely" is the Law of Good Health.

If you don't follow that law—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, scientists say, is the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST AND EASIEST way to correct its effects. All you do is this:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed."

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

What It Does

This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to alkalize the system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the bad after-effects of excessive smoking—excessive eating, drinking.

It sweetens and purifies your stomach. Banishes the acid headache, sour stomach, deadly depression that mark the price of immoderations.

Results are quick and almost invariable. Your head clears, your stomach settles—you feel like a new person.

Every person who smokes should know this. And take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia EVERY NIGHT before bed. Every person who overindulges in food or drink should know it. And keep a bottle of "Phillips' " in his medicine chest.

THE LAW of Good Living says: "Don't overindulge, eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely."

Science says: "If you do, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is probably the quickest and most effective way to avoid feeling its after-effects."

Try it—just *once*. You will be amazed at what it does.

Be sure to get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when you buy. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect, so look for the name Phillips—get the kind doctors endorse.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

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★

UNDER DIRECTION OF WILBUR T. EMERSON

JUDGING

WRITTEN by Raymond L. Ditmars, the Big Snake and Rhino Man from the Bronx, "Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest," is a worthy sequel to his "Strange Animals I Have Known." As in that book, Mr. Ditmars starts at a given point and rambles on pleasantly thru a beastly life, telling this and that that has cropped up along the way—mostly hair raising. Mr. Ditmars' hair rises in a quiet sort of way and you admire him tremendously for it. There is no rushing into the lion's den single-handed, grappling the beast barehanded and choking him into submission. He is a modern Daniel—a genius with animals.

Curiously Mr. Ditmars never tires, or never grows tiresome on his favorite pet — St. Patrick's eel. There is a deadly fascination to his discourses and anecdotes on the slithery hipless creature. With his easy, natural discussion of snake psychology, he almost gets you to lose a little of your timidity in the face of a three-inch garter snake. In fact, tho we never hope to have the pleasure, we know what we are going to do should we meet up with a copperhead in our picnic basket up to Connecticut next summer. We're going to look the snake in the eye and cry: "Keep your fangs to yourself, or I'll get Mr. Ditmars after you!" Mr. Ditmars also gives some handy hints on how to start a little snakehouse in your duplex ap't, starting with a shoestring, a 40 ft. python, a bushmaster and a few other little worms.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the Sunday School superintendent, once piously remarked that God gave him his money. Which explains everything, including how John T. Flynn came to call his exhaustive biography on the Old Crate, "God's Gold." It ought to be an incentive to every little boy to get to his prayers early, hereafter. Who knows, he too may some day toss off Radio Cities and new dimes.

It seems, according to Mr. Flynn, that Sunday School those days taught queer ethics. The ethics of the budding Rockefeller were merely the ethics of the times. If anything John's were a shade higher, for Mr. Flynn rightfully points out many instances in which men who claimed later to have been Rockefeller's victims, were trying their best to outwit the Oily Man but the Great Man merely beat them to it.

Secure in the belief of his own uprightness, young John D. went his way with a tight lip, refusing to

THE BOOKS

reply to criticism. Then came the time of the Ludlow massacre and John Jr. called in Ivy Lee, publicity man. Lee pried open the Rockefeller lips, took the public into the family's confidence and after that everything was all Jake. The aging John grew a halo to supplant the hair worn thin by early worries and Lee has assured him a ringside table in heaven.

The book is more than a biography *de famille,* it is a history of the transition of American business from competition to monopoly, including sidelights on other industrial giants, like Carnegie, much more unscrupulous than John D. ever dared to be. It was a grand and glorious running battle of forty years by which Big Business enthroned itself and attained respectability. We think, however, the dead are sad; and the wounded who have survived tragic. And what *are* they going to do with Radio City?

WE don't know what vintage poet Robert Hillyer of Hahvahd is but we do feel he's about to be a first rate novelist, if he isn't already one. "Riverhead," his first novel, left us pretty deeply stirred with its poetic and allegorical searching for the cause and panacea of the confusions of today. Ordinarily we can take our panacea or leave it alone (which we do) but in "Riverhead" one somehow takes it and cares about it. On the surface, the book tells the story of a weakling's coming of strength and manhood and stepping out of fear and trembling into the sunlight. We can't help but feel that Robert Hillyer is the John Howard Lawson of the Real Old New England Aristocracy and tho he is as cockeyed as is Lawson about many matters, he has something to say and says it dandily.

MARGARET Kennedy's new book "A Long Time Ago," is not bad, but not good either. Margaret has a hard time of it, of course. She'll never again come up to the "Constant Nymph" level. Probably no one else will either. Maybe it might have been better if she hadn't written it. "A Long Time Ago," however, is a good workaday novel about a noble wife who puts aside her feelings and takes back her husband who has slipped a little with another woman—towards bed. Had the story caught, as it aimed to, the schnitler quality of time past, of the tragic sadness of the grand passion, it might have been something.

—TED SHANE

Miracle Worker, AGE 8

His little hands hold the instrument tightly; his small, confident voice speaks eagerly into the mouthpiece. And as simply as that, he talks to his friend who lives around the corner, or to his Granny in a distant city . . . achievements which, not so many years ago, would have seemed miraculous.

These miracles he takes as a matter of course, in the stride of his carefree days. You yourself probably accept the telephone just as casually. Seldom do you realize what extraordinary powers it gives you. You use it daily for a dozen different purposes. For friendly chats. For business calls. To save steps, time and trouble. To be many places, do many things, visit many people, without so much as moving from the living room of your home or the desk in your office.

At this very moment, somewhere, your voice would be the most welcome music in the world. Some one would find happiness in knowing where you are and how you are. Some one would say gratefully, sincerely—"I was wishing you'd call."

From among more than seventeen million telephones in this country, the very one you want will be connected quickly and efficiently with the telephone in your home or office.

Your telephone is the modern miracle which permits you to range where you will—talk with whom you will. It is yours to use at any hour of the day or night.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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NOT HOUSE-BROKEN!

We call him Scotty. When your guests put cigarettes in the ash tray—and pat Scotty's head, he'll raise his little hind leg and—PUT OUT THE CIGARETTE! Convenient water sack inside Scotty is easily filled. *At last a canine's most inconvenient habit has* been turned into a practical and extremely funny use! Scotty mounted on ash tray—both in attractive bronze finish.

Scotty may be had for $1.50 postpaid. Money back if not completely satisfied. Remit to

ONLY $1.50 each, delivered

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EVERY great city has ONE hotel whose environment is traditional . . . whose service is perfection . . . whose cuisine is world-famous. In Philadelphia it's the

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CLAUDE H. BENNETT, *General Mgr.*

Rates consistent with present times.

HIGH HAT

B'lieve It or Not

"WELL, sir, I said to Mac, "if you insist on going to the Auto Show go on and go, and the salesman take you! As for me, I'm going to the car barns and look over the new crosstown trolleys and the 1933 model Madison Avenue cars."

"Waiter," Mac yelled! "Call my Hispano and bring Junior here a Side Car. We've come to a parting of the ways." And with that he put on his hat and coat and walked out without so much as another glance at either me or the check.

Anyway, I'm glad I went to the barns alone. Mac is such a sucker he'd buy a crosstown bus if it had a fancy radiator cap and a boop-a-doop horn. Also, I was able to get the following information which wouldn't have been possible had Mac been there to gum up everything with a lot of foolish questions.

In the first place, the Madison Avenue people have revolutionized the industry. They are putting out a new model, with silent brakes and round wheels, the conductors are going to make change in coins larger than nickels and clang the bell only fifty times a minute instead of two hundred and eighty-three (the standard rate at present).

While the makers of the Lexington Avenue trolleys have not made any such radical changes as these, they *are* showing a slick little high-slung, two-door model, with frigid heat and shattered glass. Both doors, by the way, are automatic and slam shut in your face as soon as you reach for the step.

The 85th Street crosstown open job is neat but not gaudy, and will be shown to the public as soon as the weather gets cold enough. Likewise, the 3rd Avenue people are holding up their one-door closed model until next summer. The 7th Avenue Subway is continuing its popular single seat model, but have stepped up the door speed and are using stronger guards.

I do think, however, that the outstanding car of the show is the new 42nd Street crosstown speedster, and I'm sort of sorry Mac didn't get to see it. This low, rakish job comes in two shades of green—olive and weather-beaten—and is guaranteed to do three blocks an hour. A triumph of engineering!

Over the Bar

THERE is a cycle in speakeasy yarns. Sometimes the setting is changed a bit, but it is always the same yarn. Funny part about it is that the teller always has it happen to himself, or a good friend.

Now they are telling the one about the good friend who was smuggling two fur coats in from France. Just before the boat landed she asked an acquaintance, with whom she had become pally en voyage, if she would mind wearing one of the coats ashore. The lady agreed, and when the good friend got through the customs her pal was there waiting. "I'll take my coat now and thank you very much," cooed the good friend. The other woman gave her an icy stare and replied, "I'm sorry but I don't know what you're talking about. There must be some mistake."

What could the g.f. do? If she squawked she'd be pinched for smuggling. So, smiling bitterly, she watched her mink drive off in a yellow cab.

Soup Sandwich

I'M a sucker for miracles from now on. Some scientific mind has brought the soup sandwich out of the realm of humorous fantasy and put it hard in front of your eyes on the counters of reality. I don't know how its creator thought it up but this is how it goes: Take two thin slices of bread, butter them, spread with let-

JUNIOR'S NEW 1933 CROSSTOWN SPEEDSTER

tuce, pepper and salt, then add the soup; jellied consomme! I next expect to hear of a way of frying china eggs or stewing wax fruit.

Ugh-Blub-Blub

OLIVER HERFORD tells me that a postman kept ringing and ringing at a doorbell to deliver a registered letter and got no response. Finally he looked up and above him saw a baby sitting near an open window. Thinking there was some one older lurking behind the kid somewhere he cried out:—"Say can't you come down and sign for this letter?"

To which the baby replied, toughly:—"Why, you damphool you. I can't even walk yet."

Hihattractions

THE Nicholas Brothers hoofing at the Cotton Club. . . The Rose Room of the Algonquin for after theatre dancing, where the cover is only a dollar. . . Montague Glass' reply when asked if he was one of the Carter Glasses of Virginia. . . The Boston baked beans on Tuesdays and the Bouillabaisse on Fridays at the Grand Central Oyster Bar. . . Gracie Allen, the best of the radio comics. . . "Willow Weep for Me" as played by Paul Whiteman's orchestra. . . "Beauty of Flight," a John Day book of airplane views. . . "The Magic Voice," a Columbia network broadcast. . . The $5.00 a plate dinner given Howard Scott, the technocrat, who is going to abolish money. . . . Noel Coward's "Cavalcade". . . Sally Bates and Osgood Perkins in "Goodbye Again". . . .Frank Nelson's recipe for crème de cacao. . . "The $15 record of a reading from James Joyce's "Anna Livia Plurabelle" made by Joyce himself and sold at The Gramaphone Shop in East 48th St. . .Guy Gilpatrick's Sea Stories in The Saturday Evening Post. . . Rex Deane's crack that the two things most worth having these days are a cigar lighter and a wife that both work. . .Bert Lahr's impersonation of Clifton Webb in George White's "Varieties". . . Mayor John P. O'Brien's radio speeches.

Best Steppers

MY Cousin in Milwaukee & Isn't It A Pity—Ohman & Arden—Victor.

It's Winter Again & There's Nothing Left—Isham Jones—Victor.

Look Who's Here & Hats Off Here Comes A Lady—Weems—Victor.

Darkness on the Delta & Pretending You Care—Jones—Victor.

Night and Day & I've Got You on My Mind—Reisman—Victor.

—JUDGE JR.

YEARS—27 years of growing popularity! That's the record of Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative. It is safe, gentle, effective—for every age!

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Outdoors there's golf. In the hotel, squash . . . or a health bath to put you in prime condition. Fast hockey to watch in the Auditorium. Or delicious idleness all day long on the Ocean Deck. At night, Music. Dancing. Bridge. Rates are very special. American and European Plans.

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YOUR BRIDGE AND MINE

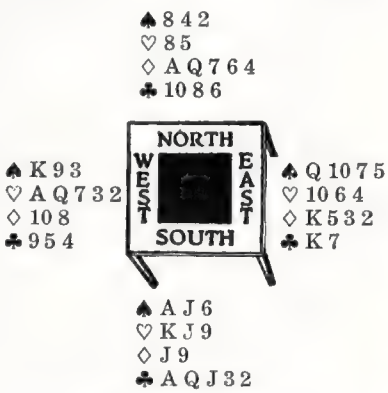
By Sidney S. Lenz

Mr. Lenz will welcome correspondence from Judge readers and will give advice and answer questions related to Auction and Contract provided correspondents send stamped, addressed envelopes for reply.

OF THE many futile and inadequate alibis that the poor card-player stocks in his grab-bag, the least convincing is the old, old standby: "hindsight is better than foresight."

Criticism of the partner, when a contract is defeated entirely through a pure guess, stamps the critic as a drib, a whyncha and a poor sport. When, however, the criticism is just, the player at fault should be receptive instead of resentful. A bad bridge player who is never criticised will never improve.

The following interesting deal was played at a prominent Club in New York, with South as the adage-slinger.



THE BIDDING

South	*West*	*North*	*East*
1 Club	1 Heart	2 Diamonds	Pass
3 No Trumps	Pass	Pass	Pass

Both sides were vulnerable and the declarant succeeded in getting set five tricks, which brought forth, from dummy, the rather mild protest, "partner, you didn't play that hand so well."

In these parlous times, a thousand point set is a major calamity and a player who incurs such a penalty, without wavering in the belief that his bidding and play is beyond reproach, has urgent need of a psychiatrist.

The adversaries play on this deal helped put the declarant on the spot, but his piteous plaint that everybody always played terribly as his partner and as though inspired when against him, was not true in this instance.

A careful diagnosis of this hand shows that North's criticism was quite justified.

The three of Hearts was opened and won by the Jack. The Jack of Diamonds was finessed and held the trick when East craftily refused to play the King. On the second round of Diamonds, the Queen went to the King and the Heart return permitted West to gather in four tricks in that suit, after which a low Spade was led and East's Queen forced the Ace.

With no way of getting into dummy to cash in the three good Diamonds, South established the Clubs and when East won with the King and led a low Spade, South popped up with the Jack and—well, it was just too bad.

WHILE at first glance it would appear that the declarant was entirely at the mercy of bad distribution, together with clever play by the adversaries—inasmuch as the King of Diamonds in West's hand would have made the contract—the defense by East was the only way that should have allowed South to fulfill his declaration and win the rubber. East's holdup was not open to criticism, because he could not possibly know that a lead through South would be good for enough tricks to set the contract. On the bidding it would seem that South might hold another sure stop in the Heart suit.

The drop of the Diamond suit was a giveaway that the King could not be in West's hand. The eight and ten fell on the first two rounds and if West also held the King, he would have covered the Jack on the first round, as he must win a trick in the suit if he does. Going up with the Ace, when West's ten appeared and finessing the Club, would have been correct play—good enough to win the game and rubber.

For What Are You Waiting?

New Philosophy of Investment and Trading Points Way to Capital Protection and Profits in Present Market

By A. W. WETSEL

PEOPLE who *are* making financial headway have adopted a new philosophy of investment and trading—a plan that clearly points the way to protection and growth. They have quit hoping to recover losses by following the same rule-of-thumb method that proved such costly, half-true guides.

They have discarded the theory that the best policy is to "buy and hold"—they know that they overlook valuable profit opportunities if they "wait for the turn," without having any means of recognizing "the turn."

But it is not to THE turn that sound investors and successful traders look for protection and profits. Knowing that "if you are right in the short swings you are bound to be right in the long pull" they look to *all* TURNS.

Capital CAN Be Made to Grow—Today

By adopting a flexible, open-minded investment and trading policy it *is* possible to make money today. For, as in business, turnover is the first principle of sound investment. A *series* of small profits through capitalizing short swings—when they are available—involves far less risk than waiting for the profit that *may* come from a "long-pull" investment.

The question then arises, how is one to KNOW when to take advantage of such a turn? But the question really is incomplete. The problem actually requires for its solution a practical knowledge of WHEN to buy—and sell, WHICH securities and at WHAT price.

In the hope of obtaining such vital knowledge, investors for years turned to statistics. Recent events, however, have proved that raw statistics are mere records and do not foretell market action. What set of figures can you choose that will forecast a turn in the market? Or, to what set of figures can you point that definitely foretold even one important market turn in the last three years?

The answer is that there are other factors that govern the market price of securities.

Price movements, it now is recognized, are governed by forces within the market itself. Only through the correct interpretation of the effect of these forces can price movements be foretold with any degree of accuracy.

This new philosophy of investment and trading points the way to security and capital appreciation in the present market. Through it capital *is* being made to grow—today.

THE WETSEL RECORD*

WETSEL TECHNICAL FACTORS, developed through years of intimate market study, foretold:

—the October, 1929, break in September—and again on October 7 of that year.

—the rising market that followed the break and at what prices to get out on that rally.

—the break of April, 1931, preceding which time Mr. Wetsel dictated his memorable telegram, "Market absolutely hopeless — sell all trading and investment holdings."

—the rising market of last summer. Two days before that rise began, Wetsel clients were advised to cover short positions. On July 9 advice was issued to buy on a broad scale.

—again, on November 3, when the market was dormant with pre-election inactivity, purchases on a broad scale were advised in order to take advantage of the post-election rise—which occurred.

A Sound Method of Getting Ahead Financially

A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service, Inc., accepting this philosophy as the only sound method of protecting and building capital, is engaged in correlating and interpreting the market forces that govern security prices and their turns. The above citations,* taken from the Wetsel record, are given because the dates and what they signify are so well known. These major swings, however, also emphasize the necessity for forecasting the short swings, which in the aggregate are even more important.

Through adoption of a flexible investment and trading policy, and by correct interpretation of the short and intermediary swings, true conservatism is obtained, securities safeguarded and growth fostered. To you who have been losing valuable opportunities waiting for another prolonged bull market, this new philosophy supplies a plan for shortening the time when you may recoup your losses—enables you to formulate a retirement plan of your own, without an age limit—a means of getting ahead financially.

Look to 1933 With Confidence

As the New Year gets under way the market, in all probability, will pass into a new stage which will, we believe, lead to a period of selectivity wherein individual issues will reflect their individual technical positions. For the last three years the question of WHEN to buy and sell was of paramount importance. But in a period of selectivity a knowledge of WHICH securities becomes equally necessary.

Such a market affords excellent opportunities for the informed investor to fortify his position and increase his capital. With knowledge of the laws that govern market movements and correct application of technical market factors, you can look to 1933 with confidence.

Send for This Free Folder

This new philosophy of investment and trading is outlined more fully in a remarkable article by a staff-member of this organization. Exposing the dangers of following popular investment fallacies and half-truths (developed in boom times), it deals fearlessly and specifically from the technical viewpoint with such puzzling questions as: which securities to deal in; when to buy and sell; the secret of forecasting trends; which *are* forecasting factors, and other vital problems affecting true conservatism and capital growth.

Send for this free folder—see for yourself HOW this new philosophy *protects* and *builds up* capital. Mail the coupon now.

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Please send me, without obligation, your analytical article, "How to Protect Your Capital and Accelerate Its Growth . . . Through Trading." J-3

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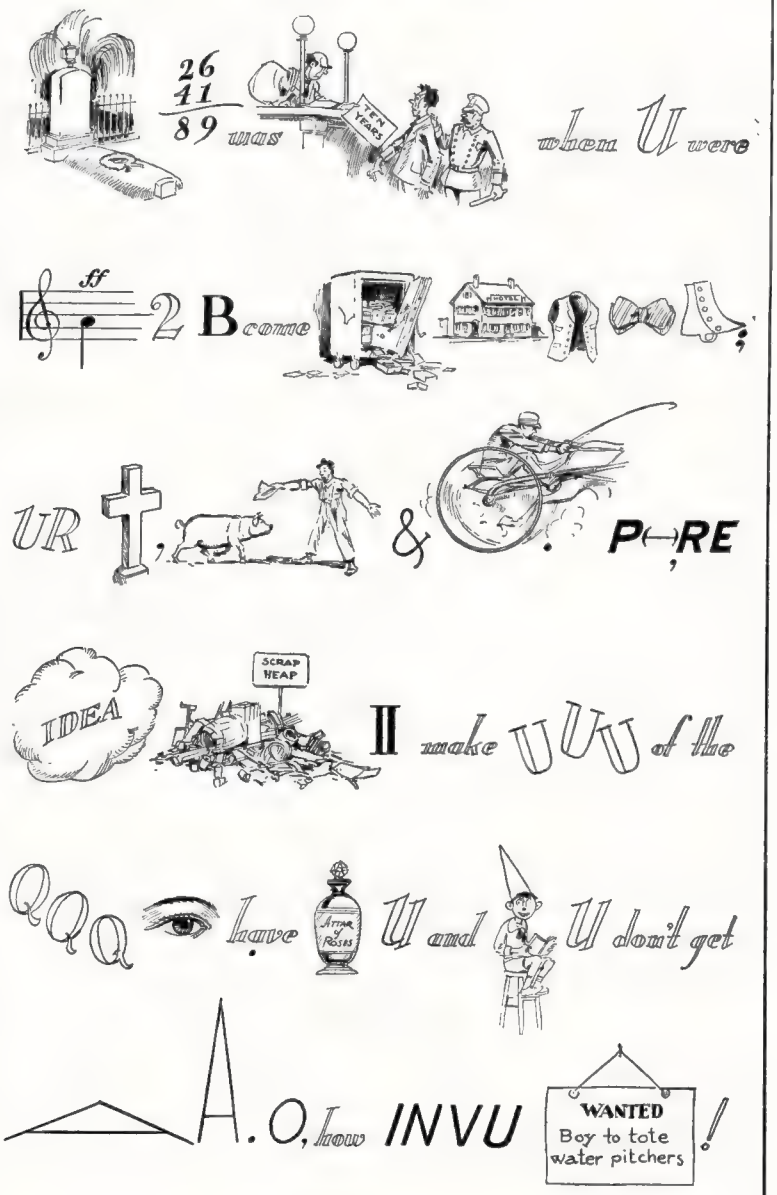
When You Say That, Smile!

IF THE fresh, jealous, ignorant and unprincipled upstart, who penned the following missive, will come to our office and repeat his offensive remarks, we will endeavor to persuade him that we own certain characteristics that he fails to mention in his letter of abuse and will give him a free demonstration. The information he claims to have put in our hands, was not worthy of a tinker's hurrah and no good detective, like ourself, could make use of it.

(Solution in next issue)



(Last Month's Solution on page 19)

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MISTRESS PEPYS' JOURNAL

(Continued from page 14)

what technocracy is. But on such uncharted matters I do feel much like the ancient dame who quoth, apropos of her grandson's academic curriculum, "What's the use of Jim studyin' Latin? He won't never go there."

JANUARY 10.—At my scrivening so betimes that I was obliged to waken my husband, poor wretch, to enlist his aid in adjusting the ribbon of my typing machine, causing him to mutter that there was nought like learning one's trade from the ground up. But I paid him no heed, so intent was I on recording my ideas before their dissolution, and did luckily finish my stint, for Marge Boothby came in with my breakfast, all a-twitter through having received a sheaf of tax-exempt securities from her aged and solvent uncle merely because she did take seriously his Christmas request, provoked by a direct question, that her present to him be a bunch of old umbrellas. Never in his life had the ancient been so pleased, it seems, having grown weary of supplying weather-worthy umbrellas to unforehanded cronies who neglected to return them. The old gentleman's gratitude would not, methinks, have risen to such a boiling-point had not Marge supplemented his modest request with an unexpected dozen of old brandy, to get which into this country she was obliged to quit an ocean liner looking like Patou's latest as to corsage and like Little Buttercup as to petticoat. Much chatter, Marge telling me that last night she heard the Yacht Club Boys sing a song which they called "Let's Put Out the Lights and Sell the Bulbs" and affecting the merriment at such a theme which is easy and natural to those who have lately come into money. So I did invite her to spend the day with me, whereupon she gladly agreed provided that she could have her favorite luncheon of creamed chipped beef and baked potato, which was easy enough to achieve, God knows, and I would that all my guests were so satisfied so simply. But I also gave her some of our finest Sauterne, the third beaker of which did cause her to remind me during the salad how some people boast of things about which they should actually be ashamed, such as not being able to eat cucumbers and having had ancestors on the Mayflower.

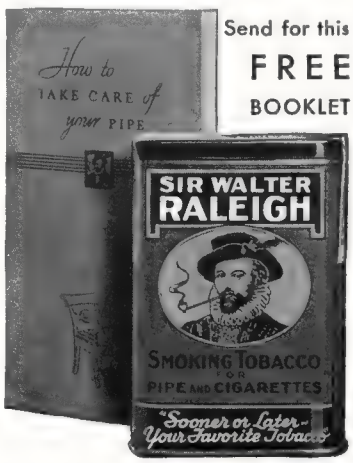
Like old times! Abbott's Bitters adds flavor to ginger ale. 50c. bottle 25c.! Write Box 44, Baltimore, Md.—Advt.

Whew! Who's cooking cauliflower?

WHEN you smoke a foul, reeking pipe, you may think you're getting away with it with your hostess. But you can't fool a bird.

For your own sake as well as others, start today smoking a *good* tobacco in a well-groomed pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh's mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys is an excellent tobacco. It's so mild that it always pleases the most haughty hostess. And it's so rich, fragrant and full-bodied that it will give you infinite satisfaction. Your tobacco store has it—kept fresh in gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. R-32



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CAPITOL HILL-BILLY

(*Continued from page 17*)

American trick straight from Russia. Imagine being knifed out of my re-election like that! But never you mind. It hasn't hurt my contacts any: I still have Capitol Hill by the ear, and the nation's wilful loss is going to be your gain."

"Listen here," he bullswoggled. "You want to sell gimlets, don't you? Well, I'll spread gimlets from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunkist shores of California. I'll have gimlets taught in the Little Red Schoolhouse. I'll Methodist them. I'll Baptist them. I'll chautauqua them and get them in the W.C.T.U. hymnbooks. I'll make them the symbol of Temperance, Public Morals, and all that is fine in American Womanhood. I'll lobby them all over the lot—till, about a year from now, there'll be a National Gimlet Week, inaugurated by a pushbutton in the White House while Boy Scouts cheer, with a gimlet in every knapsack."

"SOUNDS constructive, all right. Especially the churchandising part. But what would I have to pay you?"

"Well, I'll be fair. In view of conditions I won't ask a cent more than I get now—$18,000. But, of course, I *travel* a lot—it's a sort of hobby with me—and I get 40 cents a mile. And then there's the matter of Public Relations."

"Public Relations? Why, I thought we were——"

"Mine, I mean. For example, my niece Bessie—she's honorary stenographer—gets $3,600. And Cousin Zeke, who's supposed to come in and fill my inkstand when it needs it; he gets the same. And then there's my wife's mother and her bedridden aunt, listed on the payroll as 'messengers'; they get——"

"Stop!"

Mr. Muity clutched his desk for support.

"I'll have you know, he boggled, "that this corporation and its forty-two subsidiaries are in a condition today where they can stand just so much AND NO MORE!"

"Then here's your opportunity. Hire me, sell short, and make money forty-three ways."

Mr. Multy's face lit up with a great glimmer.

"We'll do it!" he cried. "Yes, sir, we'll do it!"

"And do it up brown," added the Servant of the People, assuming office as Vice-President in Charge of Breaking the Camel's Back.

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SPORTS

(*Continued from page 7*)

Mid On, Mid Off, Slips, Silly Point, Square Leg, and Wicket Keeper are only some of them. The last named is the catcher. If a fast ball eludes him and rolls to the boundary or outfield then the batsmen may start running. These errors on his part are known in the analysis or box score as "extras."

Home runs in cricket are called sixes. That is six runs are scored when the ball is knocked out of the lot. Mr. Bradman is the boy for this sort of stuff. Truly a Babe Ruth of the Antipodes this fella!

Last but not least the umpire. The cricket umpire has power but none of the czarlike stuff that you see at the Polo Grounds. He calls the "overs," i.e. the six balls each bowler bowls in turn from his end of the wicket. He gives decisions in case the batter gets his leg before the wicket and stops the ball, this is l.b.w.—leg before wicket. But the main duty of the umpire is to act as a clothes rack. When the sun makes its rare appearance over there the players take off sweaters and caps and pile them on the uncomplaining ump! Oh for a sight of Brick Owens with a mountain of sweat shirts on his back!

Next time you are in London drop in at Lord's or the Oval and see a game. Don't get up to stretch when the boys file off at four thirty. They are just going to the pavilion for a spot of tea! —REX DEANE.

And The Rest

Dr. Dobbs gazed critically at his patient.

"Did you take my advice and sleep with all the windows open?" he asked.

"I did, doctor," the patient murmured.

"Good," said the medical man. "And I suppose you've pretty well lost that cold you had?"

"No, doctor," said the other; "only my best suit and my watch."

—ANSWERS

Solution of Puzzle No. 280

W	A	T	E	R	W	A	G	O	N		B	E	E	R
A	J	A	X		A	B	I	D	E		U	N	D	O
G	A	R	T	E	R		G	I	A	N	T		G	O
E	R	R	O	R		B	O	O	R	S		H	E	M
		E	L		Z	U	L	U	S		M	A		
R	O	D		M	I	L	O	S		H	O	R	S	E
A	P		T	O	O	L			C	O	V	E	T	S
B	A	B	O	O	N	S		A	R	T	E	M	I	S
B	L	E	N	D	S			C	O	E	D		L	A
I	S	L	E	S		P	R	O	W	L		S	T	Y
		A	S		C	A	I	R	N		S	A		
S	P	Y		U	H	L	A	N		S	A	L	E	M
O	I		S	M	A	L	L		C	A	N	A	D	A
A	N	T	E		M	O	T	T	O		E	M	I	R
P	E	O	N		P	R	O	S	P	E	R	I	T	Y

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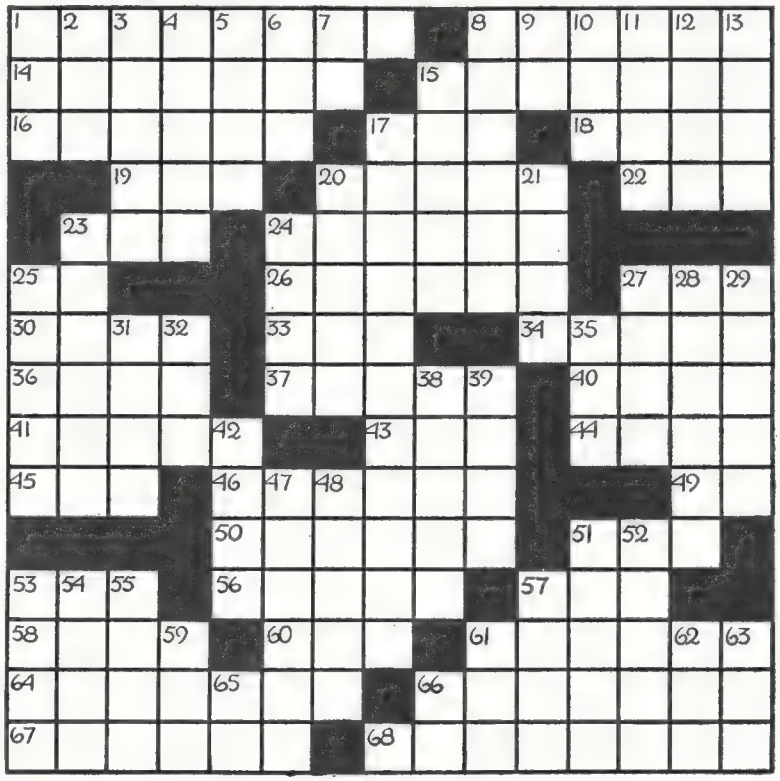
Name .....

Address .....

.....

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 281



Submitted by Jack Luzzatto, Bronx, N. Y. C.

Horizontal

1. Lark.
8. This brings a lump to strong men's throats.
14. What Dreiser is.
15. Gilt and tinsel.
16. The best part of a foot.
17. Alcoholic prefix.
18. Where to go to get on the inside.
19. The kind of pole you'll find in the water.
20. Here's something big.
22. Fried liver.
23. This means three, if you're up on your arpeggios.
24. This holds an armful.
25. Green lights.
26. He urns to make a living.
27. The woman disdained.
30. A pinched cry.
33. This is usually followed by Cohen.
34. Pater's pain.
36. To look leery.
37. Gypsy penthouses.
40. A bully remark.
41. Spectacles.
43. What they'd call your aunt in Mexico.
44. Ball and chain.
45. The best yet—it's simply superlative (suf.)
46. Grocery destroying.
49. Little Edward.
50. False fronts that don't amount to anything socially.
51. The third degree, if you can get it (abbr.)
53. A big sprout.
56. An adjective rarely applied to a jellyfish.
57. Just a great big hugger, the dirty snake!
58. This gets dinner under the elms.
60. Chicago loop the loopers.
61. Two-legged burro.
64. Raw material for making tabloids.
66. The kind of noises you hear in Africa.
67. To walk after a bout with Bacchus.
68. What match-makers make.

Vertical

1. Ye assam silkworm.
2. A little change in Japan.
3. The Great Divide in India.
4. Hitching post.
5. Fried.
6. Egyptian back (and front) biter.
7. Pink elephant on the ceiling (abbr.)
8. Split.
9. He rises and sets on crossword puzzlers.
10. A friend of France.
11. German tycoons.
12. This used to mean self; but now it is simply killing.
13. A horse clip.
15. What a couple of meeting moving bodies do to each other.
17. Airs.
20. This kind of trotter is a rounder.
21. A long sentence.
23. Muggs that need cracking.
24. Dog blanket.
25. A flying fool.
27. Just a porch, even if it does look different.
28. Steamed up in the upper story.
29. Had a good time.
31. This stops bleeding.
32. Chop sticks.
35. Mother Nature makes this then gives it a good hand.
38. Kind of noise emanating from big horn blowers.
39. Droops in the arches.
42. Oceans and oceans and oceans.
47. To show up.
48. A bird of a note.
51. The only balance social registerites have left these days.
52. Whoas up.
53. Quondam like, so to speak.
54. Goofy.
55. This was ditched around the castle.
57. Craft.
59. A miner explosion of major importance.
61. The number of pie-lifters on the average man.
62. The best part of a belt.
63. Cross-country runners.
65. This means take away.
66. The smell of loneliness (abbr.)

Solution of Puzzle No. 279

N	E	W	■	S	H	A	M	E	D	■	T	A	L	L
O	W	E	■	P	A	L	A	C	E	■	A	R	I	A
S	E	T	■	A	P	A	C	H	E	■	L	O	S	T
E	R	S	T	■	■	■	H	O	D	■	C	U	T	E
■	■	■	A	Y	■	F	I	E	■	■	■	S	E	N
T	H	U	L	E	■	I	N	S	O	L	V	E	N	T
W	O	R	K	S	■	N	E	■	P	I	E	■	■	■
I	G	N	I	T	E	S	■	B	E	A	N	E	R	Y
■	■	■	E	E	R	■	S	E	■	B	E	L	I	E
N	E	W	S	R	E	E	L	S	■	L	E	M	O	N
E	N	E	■	■	■	N	U	T	■	E	R	■	■	■
S	C	A	R	■	I	S	M	■	■	■	S	L	A	P
T	O	P	E	■	N	U	B	B	I	N	■	U	S	E
E	R	O	S	■	C	R	E	O	L	E	■	T	I	N
D	E	N	T	■	H	E	R	A	L	D	■	E	A	T

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Designed for the thousands who, like yourself, want the fullest possible insurance protection at the lowest price, this Postal Dollar Policy meets the needs of these times perfectly. Only the Postal Life Insurance Co. with its economical DIRECT-BY-MAIL method of selling could give you an insurance value like this.

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(See the Table at Right)

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Age	Insurance	Age	Insurance
15	$1471	33	$935
16	1429	34	909
17	1408	35	877
18	1389	36	855
19	1351	37	820
20	1316	38	794
21	1299	39	769
22	1266	40	741
23	1235	41	709
24	1205	42	685
25	1176	43	658
26	1149	44	633
27	1111	45	606
28	1087	46	578
29	1053	47	556
30	1031	48	529
31	1000	49	505
32	971	50	483

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My occupation is..... I wish to pay a premium of..... per month. This entitles me to..... worth of insurance. I am enclosing the first month's premium which will be returned to me if my application is not accepted.

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Relationship to me .....

Name .....

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E. J. BRADWELL, *Managing Director*

DETROIT

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 10)

In "Saint Wench," derived from a Croatian titbit by the M. Colton, I could detect nothing but some expensive scenery and costumes. The play itself was passionate claptrap. "Anybody's Game," by Paul Barton, to keep up the record for no intelligible reason, was orthodox garbage. "Honeymoon," by the MM. Chotzinoff and Backer, projected me from my seat into God's invigorating air at 9:45 precisely. "Shuffle Along of 1933," a colored song and dance show involving the activities of Noble Sissle, Flournoy Miller, Eubie Blake and Mantan Moreland, all members of the Astor and Vanderbilt circle of Harlem, was the routine dinge music-show stuff up to and including songs called "In the Land of Sunny Sunflowers," "Bandanna Ways," "Sugar Babe" and "Chickens Come Home to Roost."

Then, ladies and gents, there was the opening of the Radio City Music Hall, under the direction of that greatest of Americans, S. L. Rothapfel, known fondly to himself as "Roxy." Nothing like it has been seen in this country since the San Francisco earthquake, only this show was bigger, probably caused a greater financial loss, and killed more people. It headed the list of American theatrical catastrophes, being by all odds, and unanimously agreed by everybody but Roxy and maybe Mrs. Roxy, the most fearfully dull and immensely boresome exhibition ever uncovered to the American eye. At ten-fifteen on the opening night, the snores of the 6,200 members of the invited audience were so loud that Roxy's 345 personal press-agents, snatching a moment's sleep on the stacks of photographs showing Roxy in divers magnificent Mussolini poses, were startled again into a sudden unwelcome consciousness.

Nathan's Opinions

"Twentieth Century" (Broadhurst) — It would have been a wow six or seven years ago; today it is rather stale.

"Take a Chance" (Apollo)—Some good low clowning and generally amusing pastime.

"Criminal at Large" (48th Street)—Edgar Wallace mystery drivel.

"Biography" (Guild) — Periodically entertaining comedy by the talented Behrman, but not up to his standard.

"Shuffle Along of 1933" (Mansfield)—Tedious Negro song and dance stuff.

"Goodbye Again" (Masque)—A bright and shiny little comedy, commended to your attention.

"The Late Christopher Bean" (Miller) — Moderately diverting comedy from the French.

"Autumn Crocus" (Morosco) — A London spinster cries into her beer.

"Dinner at Eight" (Music Box)—G. S. Kaufman is ordered to stay in after school for doing this one.

"Walk a Little Faster" (St. James)—Bobby Clark, the professor-critics' pet, and Beatrice Lillie, but their material is deficient.

"Gay Divorce" (Barrymore) — Fred Astaire and Claire Luce, de luxe dancers, in a show that isn't up to them.

"Music in the Air" (Alvin)—The year's best musical play; in fact, the best of several years.

"Foolscap" (Times Square)—A very interesting first act, but the other two grow increasingly feeble.

"This Night I *Live!*"

THE thunder of hoofbeats came nearer and nearer! Sadi Hafiz swung out from the saddle and caught the terrified girl in his arms.

"This night I live!" he cried hoarsely.

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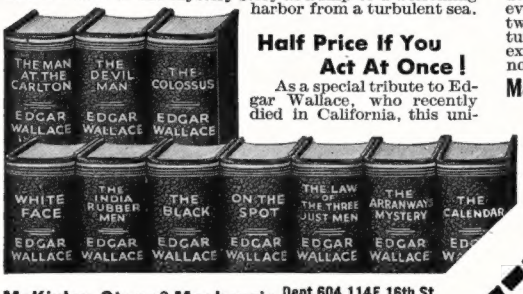

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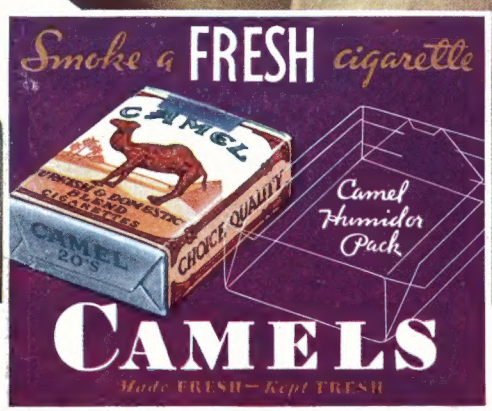

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